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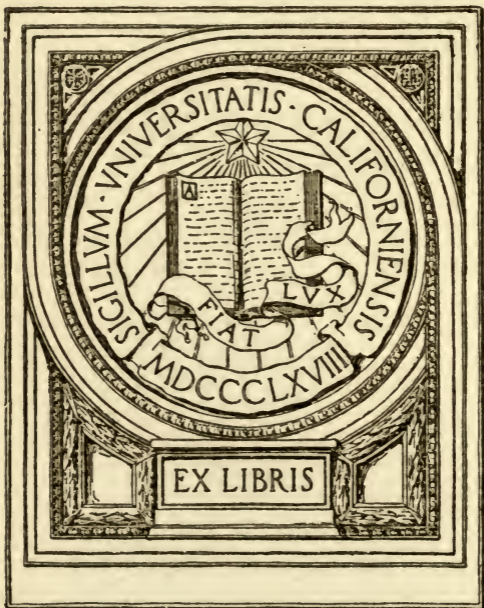
A DORIC REED

By

Zitella Cocke

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OATEN STOP SERIES

II

A DORIC REED

BY ZITELLA COCKE



BOSTON COPELAND AND DAY
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Gift of
Professor Hinds

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY
OF MY BROTHER, JOHN BINION COCKE,
WHOSE NOBILITY OF SOUL ENDEARED
HIM TO HONORABLE MEN AND
TRUE WOMEN.

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A DORIC REED



SUNRISE IN AN ALABAMA CANEBRAKE

THE lordly sun, rising from underworld,
Shoots yellow beams aslant the tangled
brake ;
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,
Hath caught the glancing radiances that
make
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom —
A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of
green,
With unprofanèd cheek and brow serene ;
The pines upon the uplands merge from
gloom
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow
Their serried lances bright and brighter
grow!

The conquering light ever ascending higher
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire ;

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A myriad rays pierce down the wooded
slopes

Till, forest vistas form kaleidoscopes!

The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of
gold,

Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet
gum,

And swifter still the shifting colors come
To tulip-tree and luscious-scented plum,
And sassafras, with buddings manifold.

The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,
And thousand odors sweet confederate,
And clear, cool air so interpenetrate
That sky above and blooming earth beneath
Seem to exhale a long, delicious breath!
But hark! woodpecker beats his dull tattoo,
The jay bird screams, low moans the shy
cuckoo,

Loud chirps the blackbird, gently woos the
dove,

Till chains of melody link grove to grove ;
The red-bird shows his scarlet coat and crest
And sounds his bugle call, while from his
nest

In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones,

SUNRISE

With heavenly mind, his morning orisons ;
Kingfisher, like a spirit of the air,

His swift flight wheels, circling with rainbow hue

The water's edge ; and see ! a hawthorn fair

Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray

Sits nature's poet, a romancer gay,

Sweet mocking-bird, singing, as he were fain

To greet the sun with all that bird could say,

Or think or dream within his tiny brain ;

Anon, his throat o'erflows with tuneful might,

And straight upon a poplar's topmost height

He flies, and his full diapason sounds.

From stop to stop, and now from side to side,

He flings his clear-toned dithyrambic rounds,

Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide

Of his rare instrument, till joy and hope

And sweetest love speak from the wondrous scope

In epic majesty, now soft, now strong,

And lo ! the air is throbbing with his song !

The climax reached, from bough to bough
he drops

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With trailing cadences ; then in a copse
Below — low, liquid warbles uttering —
He falls with palpitating breast and wing!
Effulgent light illumines the broad blue tent
 of heaven,
The sleeping Earth awakes to toil : the Sun
 is risen!

POMEGRANATES

POMEGRANATES sweet and pome-
 granates sour

Hang in the red October sun :
Nobody knew, when they were in flower.
And their life had just begun,
Which was the sweet and which was the
 sour,
Till they ripened one by one.

The blooms were hats of cardinal hue
And trumpets of yellow flame ;
And as the fruits to perfection grew,
Their red-coats were just the same.
Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in
 two,
And their deep-red hearts burst out to view,

WOOD VIOLET

But till they were tasted, nobody knew
Where the sweet and the sour came.
For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat,
But a luscious thing is pomegranate
sweet!

In youth-time's bright and rosy bower
A bevy of maidens play :
Their fresh young life is just in flower,
But which is the sweet and which is the sour,
Pray, who will dare to say ?
But there will come a day
When life's sharp darts
Will cleave their hearts,
And taste we must in adversity's hour
Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

WOOD VIOLET

VIOLET in the mossy wood,
By a streamlet growing,
With her head within her hood
When the Wind was blowing,
Hid her head so modestly
Till the rough Wind had passed by.

A DORIC REED

But Lord Sun came thro' the wood,
In his armor blazing.
Violet, with her blue eyes, stood,
On his brightness gazing.
When my Lord Sun had passed by,
Violet laid her down to die.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

I SAW one whose misshapen form and face
Did mark him spurned and barred from
Nature's grace
Of motherhood, — as 't were a step-dame's
spite
Had smitten him with bitter curse and
blight —
Yet lifting vision bleared to smiling sky —
He laughed to see the Summer birdlings
fly —
And clapped distorted palms, and sang a
song,
Unshamed and all unconscious of his wrong.
O sweet, mysterious gift of life, — that
scorns

'T IS TIME WE TWO

The thrall of Fate, her buffetings and
thorns,
And bound in chains, rejoices still to be —
And by that joy divine proves its divinity!

'T IS TIME WE TWO WERE
MAYING

O H, let us go a-Maying :
The warm south wind is blowing, and
the wood is fresh and green,
And whispering leaves are saying
We are losing all by staying,
When sweet the grass is growing, and the
cowslips in between.

'T is time that we were Maying :
The birds will sing the sweeter when they
know that there are two
In forest pathways straying
Who can tell what they are saying, —
And cloud-ships sail the fleetier through the
tender melting blue.

A DORIC REED

'T is time we two were Maying ;
For Summer days are flying, and grim Win-
ter comes apace.

And pleasure scorns delaying,
Nor will tarry for our praying :
Then why should we be sighing, when the
days are full of grace !

'T is joy to go a-Maying,
When hawthorn boughs are filling with
sweet odors field and grove,
And blushes are betraying —
What the lips dare not in saying —
And two young hearts are thrilling to the
magic touch of love !

How shall we go a-Maying,
When Winter winds are blowing, and the
skies are no more fair ?
With love forever staying,
We shall always go a-Maying,
And find sweet flowers growing e'en when
fields are bleak and bare.

LOVE-MAKING IN HAY-MAKING

LOVE'S time is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
In winter or summer or springtide, or whether
The sunshine is glorious, or winds stretch
 their tether
To batter a city or play with a feather.
 Love will have his way,
 Whatever the weather;
And yet in the days that are gone, as to-day,
The making of love and the making of hay
 Somehow go together.

Love's way is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
And whether at noontide, at eve, or at morn-
 ing,
He comes as he chooses, and comes without
 warning,
And prisons and barriers are but his scorning.
 So Love has his way
 In spite of the weather;
But why in the present and past, tell me,
 pray,
Do making of love and the making of hay
 Always go together?

SOMETHING

A SOMETHING hovers in the air,
And poises o'er the naked tree,
And rides upon the winged cloud,
Yet hath no form the eye can see;
But to the deeper, inward sight,
It is a presence sweet and true,
That fills the universe with joy,
And wakes the earth with impulse new !

A something in the forest wood,
It scarcely may be named a voice,
Yet fettered captives hear its call,
And in their longing hearts rejoice : —
A subtile whisper in the breeze,
So soft, it seems a spirit's breath,
Yet leafless boughs grow tremulous
With ecstasy, at what it saith !

A something rises with the morn,
And lingers with the sun's last ray,
Brings rapture to the silent night,
And lustre to the shining day;
With yearning, half of bliss and pain,
It swells my heart, and, wondering,
I ask, — What can it be ? A bird
Sings at my window, — “ It is spring ! ”

GREEK MOTHER'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child ; no care can cumber
Thy young heart, nor break thy slumber,—

Love doth all thy moments number.

Let thy sleep

Be sweet and deep!

While thy mother's arms caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Gentle zephyrs woo and kiss us,
Sweet with breath of dear Cephisus,
Soft with music of Ilissus.

Zephyrs' wings

Are downy things.

While thy mother's lips caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Sleep, and see Olympus shining, —
Where the gods, in bliss reclining,
Know not pain nor mortal pining ;
Heavenly beams

Shall light thy dreams.

While thy mother's hopes caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Rest, and in thy dreaming follow, —
Through the flow'ry glade and hollow, —

A DORIC REED

In the chase, with swift Apollo ;
 Ne'er so fleet
 Are mortal feet.

While thy mother's smiles caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Dream, and see bright Eros springing
Through the air, his arrows flinging, —
Keenest joy and sorrow bringing.

 Ah, his wings
 Hide cruel stings!

While thy mother's tears caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Soft as summer breezes calling,
Light as summer roses falling,
Slumber woos to dear enthralling.

 Sweet and deep

 My darling's sleep ;

Love and joy and hope caress thee!
Zeus will guard thee, Zeus will bless thee!

GODS OF HELLAS

O YE gods of sunny Hellas, are ye gone
 forevermore
From the crystal caves of Ocean and the
 singing, wave-kissed shore?

GODS OF HELLAS

Are ye hiding in the mountains, do ye lurk
within the streams?

Can ye come no more to mortals in their
longings and their dreams?

Have ye quit serene Olympus, — is it o'er,
your golden reign?

And the grand Idæan Mother with her fair
immortal train,

Shall they never come again?

O ye gods of sunny Hellas, do the clouds
enfold you now

From our mortal ken, as when ye leaped
from high Olympus' brow

To the green Thessalian forests and the
founts of Castaly, —

Or to fierce Scamander's raging tide, to
fight for th' Atridæ?

Are Dodona's oaks forsaken, and the heaven-
inspired Dove, —

Shall she never utter more within the dark
and mystic grove

The dread oracles of Jove?

Does the pure, untarnished Artemis, with
silver-sandalled feet,

Lead her goddess nymphs no longer to the
chase, — a huntress fleet?

A DORIC REED

Nor the wingèd messenger of gods make
bright the common air?
Nor the blue-eyed virgin Pallas heed the
maiden's 'plaining prayer?
Does the Goddess of the Graces hold her
prize of golden fruit?
Do the waters of bright Helicon awake
Apollo's lute?
Are the Muses all grown mute?

Nay, the gods of sunny Hellas give us answer
when we call;
We shall hear them, if our struggling souls
we loose from worldly thrall, —
Bring the eyes to see the substance in the
shadow ; for 't is so,
Plastic Nature yields her secrets to the hearts
that love her; — lo!
Echo lives on yonder hills — fair Dryads
speak, and Zephyrs fan
Out of brook-born reed-pipes, music sweet
as when the great god Pan
After trembling Syrinx ran!

LOVE AND LAUREL

LOVELY Daphne, from Apollo flying,
Is no fable in our world to-day.
Tender swains with ardent love are sighing,
Pretty maidens hear and run away.
Yet will Love not always be a-woo-
ing, —
Fate oft interposes her decree.
Lo ! Apollo, his dear one pursuing,
Sees her changed into a Laurel-tree.

And the Laurel-tree his heart consoling, —
Heart of pain, of sweetest love bereft, —
In his nature, with a power controlling,
Fills the void that gentle Daphne left.
Laurel-blossoms cheer him, love resign-
ing,
Sacred to Apollo's lofty name;
Laurel-leaves, his noble brow entwining,
Tell to men and gods his lasting fame.

Can the Laurel, as in the beginning,
Sighing swains from Beauty's sway recall?
Laurel leaves and blossoms, are they winning
Love-lorn souls from passion's burning
thrall?

A DORIC REED

Yea, Ambition woos and wins Apollo,
In the present as in days gone by:
If the Laurel blooms, think not he'll
follow,
Lovely Maiden, when you turn and fly!

THE COMFORT OF THE PINES

I FAIN would seek that brotherhood,
The monastery of the wood;
Earth-bound and tempest-tossed, yet given
The blessed calm and peace of heaven!

Tall hooded monks, in solemn band,
Uplifting prayerful arms they stand,
Intoning whispered orison
And glad triumphant antiphon!

Brave brothers, yielding limb and form
Unto the insult of the storm,
Or battling in exultant song
Against the fierce tornado's wrong!

Sublimely patient! grandly calm!
Dispensing life-inspiring balm,

THE COMFORT OF THE PINES

Till wind-swept plain and forest dense
Are comforted with rich incense ;

Till solace, far beyond their ken,
Enwraps the toil-worn brains of men,
And bruised hearts their anguish ease
Mid soothing, healing ministries !

O brothers strong, did the same Hand
Frame you that made me, — ye who stand
Undaunted in unchanging light
Through Winter's wrath and Time's de-
spite?

Who feel life's cruel strife and stress
Untainted by its bitterness,
Whose deepest sigh, whose sorest tear,
Such sweetness gives to atmosphere,

That ruthless Winds, so long withstood,
Become your ministers of good,
And bear upon their dying breath
The very antidote of death!

TIME AND WE

IMPROVE the moments while you may,
For Time is flying, mortals say ;
 But Time saith nay.
 'T is we, alas ! who come and go,
 And Time doth stay ;
For Time doth like a river flow.
Yet in its secret depths below,
 Sweet fountains play,
And youth perpetual bestow,
 While swift away
Our frail barks drift to weal or woe.

TWO MAIDENS

ALADDIE sailed out on a calm blue
 sea,
And two maidens fell a-weeping.
 “ Alas ! ” said they,
 “ 'T is a doleful day ;
 Mayhap nevermore
 To the sweet green shore -
 Shall lover to me
 And brother to thee —

HOMESICKNESS

Shall lover to thee
And brother to me —
Come back from the treacherous, smiling
sea.”

A good ship went down in a wild, wild sea,
And two maidens fell a-weeping.

The years passed by,
And two cheeks were dry: —

A wife and a mother, with babe on her knee,
Sat crooning a tender old lullaby,
Nor thought of the lover beneath the sea ;

But at eventide,
By a lone fireside,

A sister sat weeping for him who had died,
Who came nevermore

To the bright green shore
To wander with her the sweet meadows o'er.

HOMESICKNESS

LIKE children in a garden fair,
Who wander thro' each flowerful maze,
And drink from sunny founts with glee,
And look with long and lingering gaze

A DORIC REED

Upon the wondrous scene, — yet fain
 Would be at home for love and rest, —
So we, in this bright world of ours,
 With strange homesickness are possest!

Through garden fair and palace proud
 We vainly seek our hearts to please.
Life spreads her feast ; we sit us down,
 Yet are we never quite at ease —
Some hope, some yearning, stirs the soul,
 E'en with the chalice at our lips, —
Some rapturous strain from shores afar,
 That doth all meaner mirth eclipse!

What meaneth it that we should weep
 More for our joys than for our fears,
That we should sometime smile at grief
 And look at Pleasure's show thro' tears?
Alas! — but homesick children we,
 Who would, but cannot, play the while —
We dream of nobler heritage, —
 Our Father's home — our Father's smile!

Yet Earth, kind mother, fain would please,
 And is herself so fair to see,
And offers many a cup of joy,
 But none without satiety;

A MINISTERING SPIRIT

And she shows many a garden fair,
That tempts our eager feet to roam,
Yet never are we quite at ease,
And never feel we quite at home!

A MINISTERING SPIRIT

WHEN I was dead one year, I came
Unto mine own, — it was so sweet
To see their faces and to hear
The voices that I could not greet: —
Within the old, familiar home,
They talked and laughed with youthful
zest, —
Brave brothers and fair sisters dear, —
Nor little dreamed who was their guest.

They measured out the morrow's plans,
And counted joys that filled to-day,
Their eager eyes sought present good, —
I was a being passed away: —
The world was with them and did lure,
With throng of happy, living things
They could not feel my spirit touch,
Nor hear the rustle of my wings!

A DORIC REED

And all went forth, save one alone,
Who to the window casement stole
Where erst we two were wont to sit, —
And in the anguish of her soul,
Wept long and sore, with trembling hands
Upon her tear-washed face, and cried:
“God pity me this woful day, —
This was the day my brother died!”

Then, with a spirit's subtle ken
God-given, — did I minister
Sweet comfort, such as God gave me
Unmeasured, — gave I unto her.
Till, sad with pleasure's surfeit, — they
Who went, returning, found no trace
Of woe in her, and whispered low: —
“She wears God's glory on her face!”

THE DYING NEVER WEEP

THE dying never weep!
Does vision of the heavenly height
Break in upon their waning sight?
Or doth God wipe away all tears,
Ere yet they touch th' eternal years?
Is there no weeping for the eyes
That soon shall ope in Paradise?

THE DEAD MOTHER

While we our tearful vigil keep,
And wonder that they do not weep!

The dying never weep!
But oh, the living weep, and cry
For God's dear pity, as they lie
Before His throne in helplessness
And break their hearts in vain distress,
The while His saints in blessed place
Behold the beauty of His face,
And drink His peace, with rapture deep,
And wonder, we for them should weep!

THE DEAD MOTHER

HOW still the house! The light peer-
ing between
The close-knit vines that o'er the casement
lean,
Falls faint and low, — fearing to touch the
bed
Where I lie cold and dead!

The bird whose song awoke me with the
dawn,
And filled with melody the fragrant lawn,
This morning sang a faltering, plaintive lay,
And then flew swift away!

A DORIC REED

Fond, weeping friends caress my marble
brow

And tell my deeds of good, as they, somehow,
Would fain eke out in tender words and tears
The love of mortal years!

And kindred hands, for many a yearestranged,
Have o'er my form the friendly clasp ex-
changed,
And I, in death, have healed the bitter strife
I sorely wept in life!

The conscious door opes noiselessly, and he
Who had few words of tenderness for me
Kneels at my side and cries: "Couldst thou
but live!
Forgive, sweet wife, forgive!"

Yet I am calm, with calmness of the dead
Who, by the love of God, are comforted;—
My peace doth like a mighty river roll,
And rest unto my soul!

But hark! a voice — a cry, — so small, so
faint!

My child! — In Paradise I hear thy plaint!
O God! — Grant but to me its steps to guide,
And I ask naught beside!

MOCKING-BIRD

FULL-THROATED, trim,
Dapper of limb,
Agile, alert,
Nimbly expert,
Hanging somehow
On topmost bough,
A-top of trees, —
Saying with ease
What other birds
Strive to attain, —
Weaving their words
Over again
In his refrain! —

Deep in the wood
Tormenting owls,
Changing his mood,
Home to farm-brood,
Teasing the fowls:
Out on the grass
Quick to surpass
Fleetest insect,
Running erect,
Darts at his prize,
Then swiftly flies

A DORIC REED

To myrtle bower,
There in full power
The world to capture
With his wild rapture, —

Calling and cooing,
Wailing and wooing:
An ode to his love,
A lyric to Dove,
A challenge to Wren,
To Blue-bird and Hen,
To Bob-white and Kildee,
To Catbird and Pewee,
To Robin and Thrush:
Until the whole tree-full
Of sweet singers gleeful
Lose heart and hush:
Outsung and confounded,
Enchanted, astounded,
And flying afar, seek a covert to light on,
Away from this wonderful, maddening
Chrichton!

SONG OF THE MISSISSIPPI

O MEN, ye are wise, ye mortals are wise, —
With work of your hands and sight of
your eyes!

With reaching down deep to record that lies
On earth's burning heart; with reading the
skies,

And telling the stars — O men, are ye wise?

For secrets I know,

As onward I flow —

From æons long gone

Ere yet ye had won

Your place 'neath the sun —

Ay, secrets ye yearn

To grapple and learn.

And ripples that sport o'er my bosom in glee,

And joyously sing their bright way to the sea,

Are hints of a far and a deep mystery

Your hands cannot fathom, your eyes cannot
see;

And many a legend of lake and of fountain

Is rocked in my waves, and lulled to its rest,

And many a stream from its home on the
mountain

Has poured its wild song in my fathomless
breast.

A DORIC REED

Deep, deep, 'neath my tide
I hold and I hide
The ciphers and runes
And mystical tunes
Of Mays and of Junes
That ages ago came to sing and to bide
On my echoing shores, ere your hero wide-
eyed
With wonder descried

My far-reaching waters, and looked with
amaze
On the length and the depth and the breadth
of my ways.
I hark to the voice of the Storm-King's loud
call,
I hark, but his might cannot hold me in thrall.
The faint, floating zephyr, the tornado strong,
Have passed o'er my bosom for centuries long,
With raging and roaring, in dreamful repose,
Yet bides not my current, forever it flows,
On, on to the deep,
Where ever shall sleep
The records ye long for, but which I must
keep!
The wonderful lore
Of the white morning frore,
28

APRIL FOOLS

The glittering sheen
On the tall fir-tree green,
The icebergs that freeze
In the far polar seas,
The rent and the groan
Of boulder and stone —

Are sounding and swelling my grand mono-
tone!

O men, like vain shadows, ye come and ye go,
Ye delve and ye suffer, ye toil and ye sow;
Your labor is weary, your knowledge is slow.
Ye span my proud waters, but never, I trow,
Shall gather my wisdom, or learn what I
know, —

As onward and onward and onward I flow.

APRIL FOOLS

“WHEN comes fair and blithe April,
Send a fool where'er you will.”

Thus doth read the halting rhyme
Of the quaint and olden time,
And we think the ancient creed
Suited quite to modern need;

A DORIC REED

April hath not lost a whit
Of her charm, since first 't was writ.
Dearest maid of all the year,
Bright with laughter, sweet with tear,
Woman in her mind and rule,
Who would not be April's fool?

She will none of Winter's ire,
Naught hath she of Summer's fire,
Long as she doth hold her lease,
Winds and waves must be at peace,
While she softly, deftly weaves
Fairy bow'rs of bloom and leaves,
Proving, in her magic art,
Earth is ever young at heart,
Scattering on lake and lawn
Etchings by young leaflets drawn,
Shadow-pictures on the pools,
For the eyes of April fools!

Oh, how dear her promises,
Rich in unreaped harvestries!
Dreamed-of joy is sweeter far
Than the tasted pleasures are;
Lovelier than midsummer days
Are her noons of golden haze.
When thro' leafy ambuscade
Sun-kissed cloudlets masquerade

JUNE

On the bosom of the brook,
When, perchance, with lute or book,
Prone, 'mid shadows sweet and cool,
Lies the dreaming April fool!

She is truest alchemist,
With her skies of amethyst,
Marsh and meadow daisy-pied,
Forest floor-ways beautified,
Showing still some phase of good
In her ever-changing mood;
If she weep, or if she smile,
She hath yet a way and wile,
Human fancy to ensnare;
Though her charms they may forswear,
Boasted learning — wisdom's schools, —
At her call are April fools!

JUNE

FULL-LEAFED, full-flowered, full-
voiced, full-hearted June,
Who art among thy sisters of the year,
Like Hera 'mid her goddesses, complete
In beauty's symmetry, where doth appear

A DORIC REED

All perfect graces, set in perfect tune!
As viol's resonance and flute-tones sweet
Fulfil desire of the expectant ear,
So thy soft skies, with tenderness replete,
Our unvoiced yearnings satisfy, and seem
To love us with their loveliness; day-
beam,
Grown common to familiar sight, hath caught
New radiance from thy glance; the brook's
redress
From winter's thrall thy magic hand hath
wrought,
And she, with song and forest legend fraught,
All jubilant to feel thy dear caress,
Enchants the listening leaves with many a tale
Which they, glad gossips, whisper through
the vale;
While trumpet winds their battle blowings
cease
To sing with siren voice thy hymn of peace!
Whate'er is good thou dost make better
still.
White-winged swan clouds sailing in quiet
sky,
Swift birds pouring their carols as they fly,
Bright stars that almost speak their sym-
pathy,

AUGUST

The azure mountain-top and gleeful rill,
The fragrant valley bloom and verdant hill,
Sunshine and shadow, day and night, fulfil
Thy joy, and Earth is Paradise at thy sweet
will!

AUGUST

NOW Nature sits with folded hands,
As resting from the busy year,
While o'er the wide and teeming lands
She contemplates the goodly cheer
She gives; all energizing powers
Lie mute and still, and drowsy hours
Move noiselessly, their jocund moods
And songs foregoing: in deep woods
And fields, a slumb'rous silence broods
Unbroken, save by beetles' drone
And o'er-fed bees' dull monotone,
Or leaves' low rustle as they make
A pathway for the gliding snake.
The patient cows seek shadows cool,
That stretch themselves like giants prone
Along the edges of the pool —
And midst the waters stand knee-deep,
In dreamy, semi-conscious sleep.

A DORIC REED

Birds sing no more, but on the hill
The tender plaint of whip-poor-will,
Who, telling oft her woful tale,
Lingers full late after her time, —
While at slow intervals the chime
Of sheep-bells in the distant vale
Falls on the ear like tuneful rhyme,
Lulling the senses, till in idle dreams,
We half forget the real in the thought of
that which seems.

THE SOLACE OF NATURE

O H, come and rest! —
Thou who art sad and sore of worldly
strain,
Fair Nature calls, and woos thee to her breast.
Her yearning heart is fain
To cheer thine own, and she hath many a cure
For wounded souls, from fountains fresh and
pure!

Leave tedious books,
And read the Scripture writ on flow'ry
plain,
The Gospel of the softly singing brooks
And fields of mellow grain, —

THE SOLACE OF NATURE

Love's Revelation sweet,— and thou shalt be
Too full of joy to know satiety!

The flowerful maze
Of herbage lush in wild abandonment,
The mountain steep, and winding forest ways
With bright-eyed blooms besprent,
And peaceful valleys' tilth, — hold balm to
ease
The aching heart and o'erwrought mind's
disease!

Kind Mother Earth
Shall quicken thy dead courage,— as that
one
Who caught new strength when he but
touched her girth,
And noble victory won:—
Lo! gracious ministers stand everywhere
To lift from thee the burden of thy care!

For Nature hath
Comfort wherewith a mother comforteth;
Nor in her solace, Pain's reproach, nor
scath;
And her inspiring breath
Shall wake thy dying hope to joyous life,
And nerve thy faltering purpose to the strife!

CIRCUMSTANCE

WHENCE is thy might, O Circumstance,
That thy dread clutch a human soul,
A destiny, may seize? What chance
Or power doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the calyx set,
As gems wrought into metal's clasp,
As gold ensnared in iron net —
So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,
If thy command doth say us nay?
Shall life sink aimless in despair,
When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Art thou relentless? Far beyond
Thy menace rises dauntless Will,
Which dares to break thy ruthless bond,
And nobler destiny fulfil!

A craven he, who owns thy thrall,
And yields his life to thy dictate.
Who hears and heeds diviner call,
He is the master of his fate!

THE BLEACHER

The sea that bars us from the shore
Itself shall bear us safely there,
The winds, contentious, waft us o'er
Wild waters to a haven fair;

And e'en from Circumstance adverse
The earnest, faithful soul may wrest
True victory, and from her curse
Win patience that shall make him blest!

THE BLEACHER

ON mountain bare and field grass-shorn,
On hedgerow bright with bloom new-born,
In frowning Winter's tempests rude,
In smiling Summer's kindly mood,
'Neath morning's ray and stars' soft light,
The bleacher toils through day and night—
“Ay, white and whiter still!” cries he,
“As white as snow my work must be!”

Upon the warp and woof new spun
Fall chill of frost and fire of sun,
The bitter storm's relentless pain,
The gentle dew, and nursing rain,

A DORIC REED

The while the bleacher's watchful eye
Each spot and blemish doth descry —
“Without a fault or stain,” cries he,
“As pure as snow my work shall be!”

Unwearied plies his skilful hand,
Fulfilling all his thought hath planned;
Nor doth the bruised flax complain
Nor question aught he may ordain,
But meekly yields each fold and shred,
Until the cleansed and chastened thread,
Transformed to stainless, lustrous white,
Shines in effulgent beauty bright!

We stand bewildered with our woe;
God's mysteries we may not know.
The fiery trial, whose keen dart
Doth pierce and burn our inmost heart,
Cold disappointment's blighting chill,
Dark sorrow's storms, — all do His will;
For bleached at last we all must be
If we His purity would see!

THE THRESHING-FLOOR

THROUGH the autumn air rings the
thresher's flail,

And its rhythmic stroke breaks the merry
song

Of the reapers gay in the fruitful vale

As the harvest-triumphs they bear along.

Oh, 'tis well that they sing, for they do not
know

The pang and the hurt of the thresher's blow!

But, alas! the beautiful, growing grain

In its quivering heart is sick and sore,

As it falls from the teeming, groaning wain

To the hard and pitiless threshing-floor,

While the reapers are shouting their harvest
song

As they joyously bear their sheaves along.

Like the ruthless storm of the sleet and hail,

Like the wind's sharp bite to the tender
leaf,

Fall the stinging blows of the thresher's flail

On the trembling form of the helpless sheaf,

While the reapers are singing their glad refrain
Of the golden math and the loaded wain.

A DORIC REED

But the work of the bruising flail is done
When each tiny grain of the winnowed
wheat
From the grasp of the husk and sheath is won,
From the taint of the chaff is clean and
sweet,
And the reapers' loud songs as they home-
ward go
Wake the echoes clear in the vale below.

O my soul, from the chaff of vain desire,
From the stubble and straw of worldly
pride,
So shalt thou be threshed, until thou aspire
To the purer joys that for aye abide;
Till from all earthly thralldom thou art made
loose
And meet for the Heavenly Master's use!

A RAINY DAY

WITH dreary monotone, the rain
Increasing drones its said refrain,
And from the darkened heavens no ray
Of gladsome light, — a rainy day!

A RAINY DAY

And yet I give thee welcome, rain,
For in thy dull and sombre train
Come glorious, goodly company,
Fair Thought and pleasant Memory!

Ay, come and sit thee down, sweet Thought,
Unfold the treasures thou hast brought
From many a distant clime and age,
From many a rich, historic page, —
Bright gems upon the brow of Time,
And flowers fresh in morning prime!
Discourse me fair, for when thou 'rt nigh,
I fear nor cloud nor angry sky.

And thou, O cherished Memory!
A dearer spot I hold for thee.
Thine arms enwrap me, heart and brain,
Dispelling every sense of pain: —
Thy charmèd spell is on me now;
I feel thy touch upon my brow.
Sweet, sunny fields again I see;
Once more upon my mother's knee
I sit, and read within her eyes
The love that o'er my pathway lies;
I hear the brooks and wood-notes wild
Of birds, — the laughter of a child
More blithe than any joyous thing
That cleaves the air with buoyant wing!

A DORIC REED

O clouds lined with bright memories!
O fruitful, thought-awakening rain!
It took the sunlight from my skies
To send me yet a richer gain;
The grateful earth receives her share
And earnest of a harvest fair;
My nourished soul expands and grows
To deeper joy and strong repose!

AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT

WITHIN a wall-engirdled town,
Historic in its wide renown,
With jealous care, a cloistered crypt
Enshrines an ancient manuscript.

Six centuries have stamped their age
Upon the venerated page, —
And men felt life itself were fit
To give for what was thereon writ.

What hands were they of monk or saint
Inscribed its characters so quaint, —
Oft clasped, perhaps, in fervent prayer,
Lest wrong or blot might enter there?

AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT

Who, seated at his lonely desk,
Wrought ornament and arabesque,
With patient toil and rare design
Accomplishing each leaf and line?

No noise of fierce, impetuous steam
Disturbed his thought or marred his dream;
Nor iron finger of machine
The parchment leaflets thrust between, —

Nor sought in its relentless grasp
The sacred vellum to enclasp;
But hand and heart and mind did join
To shape each paragraph and coign; —

Until the letters and the word
With human life and love were stirred,
Until the pages of the book
Caught something of a human look.

Ah, faithful scribe, we know not where
Or how thy dust may rest, but there,
Upon the dingy parchment scroll,
We read thy life, thy heart and soul!

And this we know, the patient hand
Hath clasped, within the Promised Land,
The Master's feet, — the loving eyes
Have opened in sweet Paradise!

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

AY, love me, sweet, with all thy heart,
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art
And hop'st to be, — love me with love
That naught beneath the heavens may move;
Yet say not wherefore; say not why
Thou lovest, — since in these do lie
The seeds of death to Love, — but say
Thou lovest and must love alway!

For should'st thou love some witching grace
Of word or manner, form or face, —
Should thy heart's worship thus be bought
By any gift that time hath wrought, —
So art thou false to Love's pure creed,
And like to fail in sorest need;
But love for Love's dear sake, I pray,
Then shalt thou love me, sweet, alway!

NEW LOVE

A NEW love and a true love
Is the love for me and for you, Love.
The past is fled,
Let us bury its dead,
And begin life and love anew, Love!

NEW LOVE

A new love and a true love
Is waiting for me and for you, Love.

 We've drained the cup
 Cruel Fate has filled up,
And our pleasures have been but few, Love;

But a new love and a true love
Will bring joy to me and to you, Love;

 For sorrows borne
 Will we no longer mourn
When happiness now is in view, Love!

A new love and a true love
Is beckoning to me and to you, Love.

 The way is rough,
 But there's still love enough
In this wicked old world for two, Love!

A new love and a true love
Is coming to me and to you, Love.

 'T will teach us yet
 To forgive and forget,
And the wrong by the right to undo, Love!

A new love and a true love
Is sweetest to me and to you, Love.

 Look up, brave wife,
 To a happier life,
For now we are on with the new love!

WILD ROSE BY THE SEA

WILD Rose by the stormy sea
Bloomed so fresh and fair,
That the wonder came to me
She was growing there, —
Far from home on grassy lea,
On a rock by wind-tossed sea,
Blooming bright and sweet was she,
In her beauty rare.

Wild Rose, say, how can it be
Thou dost bloom so fair,
By the cold and cruel sea,
Without fear or care?
Sweet thy home on fragrant lea,
Where soft skies are nursing thee,
But to brave the angry sea,
Wild Rose, canst thou dare?

Nay, said Wild Rose, I must be
Always fresh and fair,
And where'er thou findest me,
God has placed me there;
And I bloom by rock-bound sea
Bright as on the flowery lea,
And my sweets I give as free
To the briny air!

MY MARGUERITE

I LOOK upon her brow and see
A radiant, crystal purity,
And find within her azure eyes
The loveliness of summer skies;
 She is so sweet,
 My Marguerite,
I fain would kneel and kiss her feet!

If she but deign one word to say,
I hold a treasure for the day;
Doth she but smile, a halo bright
Encircles all my dreams by night;
 The dusty street,
 Pressed by her feet,
Becomes a royal palace seat!

My life to her dear life has grown,
Till all my being is her own,
And every thought and hope her due,
Though I am forty, she but two;
 And oh, so sweet
 Is Marguerite,
I kneel and kiss her dainty feet!

THE HERMIT THRUSH

FAR in remotest depths of forest
Dwells a poet, —
His house in very heart of nature —
And I know it —
By shying streamlets and the wildwood
That lead to it!

A hermit he, from the world hiding;
Like anchorite,
In solitude of the Thebaid; —
With morning light
Intones his matins, and his vespers
At fall of night!

What sin torments his tender conscience,
That he doth flee
All haunts of men, like that old worthy,
Saint Anthony, —
In plaintive monotone thus telling
His rosary?

Whate'er he be, or saint or sinner,
Or, if his sighs
Be prayer or penance, mayhap, sermons,
Such sweetness lies
In them as gives my soul a foretaste
Of Paradise!

THE JAY-BIRD

BLUE-JAY! —

The dreadful things that people say

Give you dark reputation —

To carry sand-grains, day by day

To burn poor sinners, forced to stay

In purgatory fires alway,

Is sure a bad vocation!

But when I've seen you sit a-tilt

On bough, and sing so sweet a lilt,

I feel inclined to doubt your guilt,

And think perchance you are belied

By those who seek to turn your pride

To scorn and reprobation!

True-blue

You are, and since so very few,

Through trial and temptation,

Keep ever to their colors true,

But like chameleons change their hue

To suit each time and place, — your due

Is honest commendation; —

And yet, a debt of hate we owe

That you thus add to sinners' woe.

But oh, your song is sweet, I know! —

And since I come to think, Blue-Jay,

There is so much that people say

Not worth consideration!

THE IDLE BOY

WHITHER away, shining brooklet?
Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must flow

To the river, who's waiting for me,
To carry me on to the deep, deep sea.

I must away;

I cannot stay!

Whither away, flying birdie? Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must go

To the little ones waiting for me
In the top of the budding apple-tree,

And I must fly —

Good-by! Good-by!

Whither away, sailing cloudlet? Oh, stay

With me, I pray.

No, idle boy, no!

I must show

To the world, ere the fall of night,
The beautiful tints of the sunset bright.

Fast speeds the day,

I must away!

DETHRONED

A KING was he yesterday, ruling his realm
By a nod or a beck of his hand,
And never were subjects more loyal or proud
Of a sovereign's behest and command.
A King yesterday; but alas for the change
Which may come in a night or a morn!
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the
Queen
When the sweet baby sister was born.

ARCADY

OH, where is Land of Arcady?
For thither would I haste away,
So sore and torn this heart of me
By thorns and briars of work-a-day!
The faltering feet and throbbing brain
Are weary of the ceaseless gride,
The shrill discord of worldly strain, —
And long in Arcady to hide!

There untempestuous waters flow,
And waves in fugue mellifluous meet;
There wingèd zephyrs gently blow
From many an odorous retreat, —

A DORIC REED

Oh, loose me from the toil and task!
Unbind my fetters — set me free —
In peace, unvexed by care, to bask
'Neath leafy shade of Arcady!

Away from guileful tongue and lip, —
My only gossips be the leaves,
That whisper how the Fairies trip
The sward, and dance among the
sheaves, —

Away from gay and gilded hall,
To Palace of the sky's soft blue, —
Away from Fashion's heartless thrall
To hearts and hands unstained and true! —

Where lyrics from each bush and tree
To blissful dreams enchant the ear,
Where mellow music floats from bee,
And Colin woos his Phyllis dear, —
Where buoyant heart and lissome limb
Respond in joyous sympathy,
Where Pleasure's cup fills to the brim, —
O ho! set sail for Arcady!

FOR ME

I WOULD not say her form or face
Possesses a surpassing grace;
And daintier hands than hers, I trow,
Have soothed the weary, aching brow;
And fairer cheeks and brighter eyes
Have waked enraptured lovers' sighs; —
Yet in those eyes one charm I see, —
It is a look of love for me.

Her voice has not the wondrous power
To lure, like perfume in the flower;
Nor word of hers e'er stirred the sense
By its resistless eloquence;
Her smile only reveals the good,
True heart of noble womanhood; —
Yet charms in voice and smile I see,
For both speak wealth of love for me.

RESPONSIBILITY

OUT of the window my bird doth fly,
Far beyond reach of my vision's strain;
Boldly he sails to the bright blue sky, —
Yet will he come back to me again,

A DORIC REED

Back to my loving and outstretched hand,
Back to my nurture and my command.

Without a sigh

I see him fly, —

He will come back to me by and by!

Out from my bosom a thought doth fly;

Over the ocean it sails afar

Where blooming shores in a rapture lie, —

Through the wide heavens from star to
star,

Or midst the shades of the silent land,

Yet heeds my bidding and my command:

I ask not why

It seeks to fly, —

It will come back to me by and by!

Out from the precious and scanty dole

Time measures me, golden moments fly;

Swiftly they speed to their destined goal,

Bearing each lost opportunity.

Flown are the winged and shining band,

Never to hearken to my command:

Shall I ask why?

We must, for aye,

Meet in eternity by and by!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

VERY peacefully they rest, —
Who, in life by Peace unblest,
Caught the war-cry fierce and shrill,
Felt the battle's shock and thrill,
Heard the dreadful cannon's roar, —
Death behind and death before, —
Fighting on the sea and land,
Foot to foot and hand to hand!

Very peacefully they rest, —
North and South and East and West —
While the heaven-descending dew
Falls alike on Gray and Blue,
While the cheering light of day
Shines on Blue and shines on Gray;
Weary march and battle sore
Past for them forevermore!

Very peacefully they rest, —
And the babes whose cheeks they pressed
In a last good-by have stood
O'er their graves in proud manhood,
And in holy wedlock true
Plighted hearts of Gray and Blue;
In the light of hearthstone fires
Tell the deeds of soldier-sires!

FIRST EASTER MORN

FIRST Easter Morn,
When the three Marys wept with bitter
tears,
Sharp disappointment, — agonizing fears,
In grief forlorn: —
Methinks soft angel voices must have stirred
The olive branches of Gethsemane
With heavenly comfortings and blessed word
Of peace, like that which Noah's faithful bird
Brought from afar across a troubled sea!

First Easter Morn! — how looked thy light
to him
Whose eager, ofttime wayward feet outran
The loved disciple in thy dawning dim
To look upon the grave of the God-Man!
To heart made sad by its own faithlessness,
Brought not thy cheering ray some prescience
Of joy, born even from grief's throe and
stress —
That reached to hope, thro' veil of doubt
and sense?

Ay, gently fell thy light on eyes that wept
In sorest agony, th' apostate tongue,
The trait'rous fear, the solemn vow unkept,
The Master's look, the keen remorse that
stung

FIRST EASTER MORN

Too deep a wound for earth to heal again; —
Ay, in thy gladness, weary, weeping eyes
And broken heart did find surcease of pain
And foretaste of the blessed Paradise!

First Easter Morn!

When Death was shorn

Of all his terrors, and became the friend
Who leads us to that portal, crystal white,
Where all things sorrowful have found their
end,

And thorns are changed for starry crowns
of light!

O wondrous, holy Morn of second birth!

From thee all blessings and all glories stream,

As radiant colors that bedeck the earth

Lie concentrate in white effulgent beam! —

Inspire our fainting, grovelling souls, that
we

No longer seek the living 'mong the dead,

But with a steadfast eye and lifted head

Behold the glories of Eternity!

EASTER FLOWERS

O LOVELY flowers, be my priests to-day!
Ye hold a revelation so divine
That midst your holy incense I must pray,
And make confession, too, at your sweet
shrine.

What need to sit beneath the frescoed dome
Of minster or cathedral, when ye preach
From purer altars in your silent home
The lesson that my inmost soul doth reach,
And, captivating sense, doth all my senses
teach!

Bright quickeners of thought and re-
trospection,
Beholding ye, can I doubt resurrection,
Or question still a Father's sure pro-
tection?

O fair Apostles, older than the creed
Of church or council, or those fishermen
Who, toiling by the sea in human need,
Took heart at sight of ye and home again!—
Your chalices held the libation
That consecrated Earth's creation;
And Litanies ye chant in sadness
Arose in Eden's bowers of gladness.

EASTER-TIDE

A sabbath and a temple everywhere
Ye make, and all may kneel and worship
there:
Shrive me, sweet priests, and if I be forgiven,
What ye have loosed sure will be loosed in
heaven!

EASTER-TIDE

SAY, how shall we keep it, — the Easter-
Tide,
When the glad Earth smiles, like a flow'r-
crowned bride,
And her lord, the sun, in his shining place
As giant, rejoices to run his race;
When birds and bells in sweet carol and
chime
Are telling the joy of the blessed time,
And Nature is thrilling with ecstasy, —
Oh, what shall our song and our keeping be?

Shall we challenge the world with swelling
pride,
Shall we wear its pomp that the Lord denied,

A DORIC REED

Shall we follow the things of Death whom He
Hath vanquished in triumphant victory?
Shall our Easter die with the altar flow'rs
And praises that burst from these lips of ours?
Ay, the Lord is risen in verity, —
Say, what shall our joy and our keeping be?

O friends of the Master! what can it be
But the feast of truth and sincerity,
Unleavened with malice or wickedness,
The heart to forgive and the hand to bless,
The eyes that shall pity our brother's thrall,
Since Jesus has died and risen for all?
In the Gospel spirit and love to bide,
Lo! this is the keeping of Easter-Tide!

THE EASTER FEAST

HOW shall we keep the Easter feast!
With pomp of praise and pride of priest?
With flow'r-crowned altars, burning bright,
And lofty temple's gorgeous rite?
With sounding song, that swings and swells
To rhythm sweet of chiming bells,
And charm of worldly cheer increased?
Is this the Christian's Easter feast?

THE BABBLING BROOK

Nay, nay; the Easter victory
Is humble heart's sincerity,
Which, leaving malice in the tomb
Of buried sin, forsakes its gloom,
And rises to the joy, high-priced,
Won for us by our risen Christ!
Loving for Jesus' sake the least
Of His — this is the Easter feast!

THE BABBLING BROOK

'T WAS in the month o' Maying that a
man and maid went straying
Blooming fields and meadows green
a-through.

But what the man was saying, or the pretty
maid betraying,
Why, the simple smiling meadows never
knew! .

Down woodland ways enchanted and through
flower-brake bird-haunted,
Where the leaves in gossip whispered low,
The man and maid went faring, but the
vows the two were swearing,
Why, the green and silly leaflets did not
know!

A DORIC REED

And still the hour of gloaming found the
happy pair a-roaming
By the water-ways in valleys sweet,
Where a brooklet wise and wily wound
about their pathway slyly,
With a song of murmured music at their
feet.

And aye that brooklet listened, and its waters
glanced and glistened,
Till it laughed aloud in gurgling glee,
As it hurried over highways, through the
hedges and the by-ways,
On its way to tell a secret to the sea!

Deem not a word of warning meet for man
or maiden's scorning,
Who from morn to eve a-Maying go;
For brooklets can discover all the words and
ways of lover,
And will babble every secret that they
know!

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR

A LITTLE wicker basket rolls
Along the pavement walk,
And at the sight, the young and old
Begin to laugh and talk,
And wave fair hands, and kisses throw,
And cry: "Look here!" "See there!"
"This way it comes!" — and all because
Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newsboys run and shout with glee,
And follow on behind;
The coachman and the footman gaze
As if they had a mind
To do the same; the good old priest
Stands still with solemn stare, —
As down the shady avenue
Sweet Polly takes the air!

From every window shines a head
Of clustering, golden curls,
And every door grows bright with throng
Of merry boys and girls;
The butler and the maid forget
To work, — as on the stair
They peep and pry, with curious eye,
When Polly takes the air!

A DORIC REED

And all the while sweet Polly sits
In dainty gown and hat,
And smiles on one she loves the best, —
Her pretty Maltese cat, —
And softly coos, when pussy purrs,
Without a thought or care
How all the town turns upside down
When Polly takes the air!

NANCY'S WAY

WHEN in Fashion's dainty prime
Pretty Nancy walks the street,
Half the town is keeping time
To the rhythm of her feet,
While the other half looks gay,
As if smiling lips would say:
“Nancy, Nancy, darling Nancy,
Charming Nancy, come this way!”

Bright and blooming as a rose,
Heeding neither smile nor sigh,
Down the street sweet Nancy goes,
Passing all her lovers by,

NANCY'S WAY

Never granting yea nor nay
 Though the lips and glances pray:
"Nancy, Nancy, lovely Nancy,
 Please, dear Nancy, come this way!"

Then, between the leafy shades,
 Birds grow bolder, without fear;
As sweet Nancy promenades
 Sing they louder and more clear,
Trilling, thrilling roundelay:
 "Glad we are this sunny day;
Nancy, Nancy, pretty Nancy,
 Darling Nancy comes our way!"

But sweet Nancy's full of care,
 Hears she neither song nor talk,
Hardly more can maiden bear,
 When she's learning how to walk;
And her tiny feet will stray
 Spite of all that nurses say.
Nancy, Nancy, toddling Nancy,
 Nancy has her own sweet way!

MY GREAT-GREAT UNCLE'S
WIFE

ABOVE a quaint old chimney-piece
A canvas glows with life, —
You almost look for smile and speech,
My great-great uncle's wife,
In lace fichu and feathered toque, —
A masterpiece of West,
Who crowned his fame with this proud dame,
The noble, fair Celeste!

Right loyal blood was hers, I trow,
In time of peace or war,
Whose trusty swords were true to France
And Henry of Navarre!
Whose hearts and hands ne'er quailed nor
failed
When duty made her claim,
Nor feared a foe, the world could show, —
Of nation or of name!

But doughty deeds and valiant hearts
Were helpless to protect
In Terror's Reign, when every home
Of France was held "suspect," —
Till fair Celeste, with woman's wit
And will, contrived the plan
To cheat the ear of Robespierre,
And all his murderous clan!

GREAT-GREAT UNCLE'S WIFE

One misty morn at brink of day
A team drove to the line ;
The sentinel looked grim and called,
 " Good citizen, the sign ! "
Quick came the magic talisman,
 " Ay, citizen, what freight ? "
" The casks of beer bound for frontier. "
 " Pass this team through the gate ! "

In cargo safe of friendly ship
The casks of beer were stored, —
The most intoxicating beer
That ever came aboard,
The Captain said to mate and crew,
When on the deck appeared
A velvet cloak and feathered toque,
And every sailor cheered !

Long reigned this maid and matron fair,
Of hearts and homes the queen,
In land that owned no tyrant's rule,
And feared no guillotine;
And great-grandsons the story tell
Of how she won the sign,
And made small beer of Robespierre,
The day she passed the line !

MISS NANCY'S GOWN

IN days when George the Third was King
And ruled the Old Dominion,
And Law and Fashion owned the sway
Of Parliament's opinion,
A good ship brought across the sea
A treasure fair and fine, —
Miss Nancy's gown from London town,
The latest Court design!

The plaited waist from neck to belt
Scarce measured half a span,
The sleeves, balloon-like, at the top
Could hold her feather fan;
The narrow skirt with bias gore
Revealed an ankle neat,
Whene'er she put her dainty foot
From carriage-step to street!

By skilful hands this wondrous gown
Of costliest stuff was made,
Cocoons of France on Antwerp looms
Wrought to embossed brocade,
Where roses red and violets
In blooming beauty grew,
As if young May were there alway,
And June and April too!

MISS NANCY'S GOWN

And from this bower of delight
Miss Nancy reigned a Queen,
Nor one disloyal heart rebelled
In all her wide demesne;
The noble House of Burgesses
Forgot its fierce debate
O'er rights of Crown, when Nancy's gown
Appeared in Halls of State!

Through jocund reel, or measured tread
Of stately minuet,
Like fairy vision shone the bloom
Of rose and violet,
As hand in hand with Washington,
The hero of the day,
The smiling face and nymph-like grace
Of Nancy led the way!

A century, since that gay time
The merry dance was trod,
Has passed, and Nancy long has slept
Beneath the churchyard sod;
Yet on the brocade velvet gown
The rose and violet
Are blooming bright as on the night
She danced the minuet!

CASTLES IN SPAIN

O'ER many a land I have roamed, and
have gazed
On famous cathedral and dome, —
Westminster, St. Paul's, and the Pope's
Vatican,
And noble St. Peter's at Rome;
On art mediæval and mansions coeval,
With modern invention and gain;
But nothing, I ween, 'mong the sights I have
seen,
Compares to my castles in Spain!

The Tuileries' splendor, old England's
grand halls,
And Venice with palaces fine,
And legend-crowned castles, and battle-
ments stern
That watch o'er the waters of Rhine;
Tho' glamoured by mystery, famous in
history,
Their boasting I calmly disdain,
Since none of them dare their proud glories
compare
To castles I've builded in Spain!

CASTLES IN SPAIN

The sacred Byzantine of the Sublime Porte—

E'en temples of Athens seem poor;

The gold-bedecked roofs of Haroun Alras-
chid,

And carved architecture of Moor;

The wondrous Alhambra with pillar and
chamber,

Taj Mahal and Mussulman's fane, —

And tall minaret, — they all lack something
yet

Compared to my castles in Spain!

For castles like mine can all changes defy —

The ravage of war and of time,

Nor fiercest disaster by wind or by wave

May tarnish their radiant prime;

Than models of Grecian or high art Venetian

Their beauty shall longer remain;

For though time is fleeting, man's heart is
still beating

To build his bright castles in Spain!

And right to these castles no man can dispute,

Nor find in my title a flaw;

As treasures in heaven, they're safe from
the thief,

And free from the clutches of law;

A DORIC REED

All question of tariff and action of sheriff
Assail my possessions in vain,
For though a whole bevy of them should
make levy,
They can't touch my castles in Spain!

ON AN OLD CABINET

IN Boston shop and wareroom stands, —
A voyager from foreign lands, —
A rare and curious cabinet,
With carven doors and drawers, and set
With quaint, ingenious tracery, —
A guest from ancient Brittany!

And here and there a secret spring
Or lock reveals some hidden thing,
Some nook, or cranny, planned with skill
To answer to the owner's will,
And like some folk we know, to hide
Dark mystery 'neath fair outside.

A full three hundred years ago
'T was built when human hands were slow;

ON AN OLD CABINET

But, ah, how sure and deft they were!
Each builder and artificer
An artist, bringing to his art
A skilful hand and loving heart!

What treasures have been hidden there, —
A ring, — a gem, — a lock of hair, —
A document of king or state, —
A subject's love, — a rival's hate, —
A loss, a triumph, or a gain, —
Secure from eyes and hands profane!

And many a wondrous sight, I ween,
The rare old cabinet hath seen
Of revelry in festive hall,
And doughty deed on castle wall.
For words and blows were fierce, when man
And foe were met in old Bretagne!

And now in world untried and new, —
Perchance in mansion parvenu, —
Among a strange and alien race
The rare old cabinet finds place,
And ends a history that began
In proud château of old Bretagne.

HER NAME

I PONDERED long — you've done the
same
No doubt — on what should be the name
Of that fair one whom Fate and I
Should choose for true Love's constancy.
Mythology and legend — classic lore —
I searched, and yet I looked for something
more!

Should she be Helen, — goddess? — queen?
The very name pictures a scene
Of discord, — I'll not put my Troy
At such a chance for such a toy.
Fair Venus made a dupe of young Paris,
And I'll not risk my heart with that bold
Miss.

Lucretia was a model dame;
Besides, — I rather like the name;
But then I'd fear a tragedy;
Her mood is too high strung for me.
Cornelia's fair, — but then she had a way
Of *repartee* and having the last say!

Virginia! Ah, a charming wife!
But that I'd always see the knife

HER NAME

At her white throat, — Iphigenia,
A martyr whom I much admire!
Aspasia might suit great Pericles,
But she would never do for times like
these!

Rebecca might win Ivanhoe
(It seems, alas, she did n't, though);
The proud and beautiful Rowena
I might have loved, if I had seen her, —
I'm glad I did n't; — as for Rosamond,
She's just the woman I would most have
shunned!

O sweet, O lovely, sad Elaine!
The very thought of her gives pain;
And so for royal Guinevere, —
'T is well she's quite as rare as fair.
And husbands of the nineteenth century
Griselda's patience must not look to see.

The Gretchens are not to my taste, —
Nor Katrines; there is too much waist
And sauer-kraut; the French madame
Loves France too well for Uncle Sam.
Mary's too sacred, and a heart like mine
Must look for some one rather less divine.

A DORIC REED

Aurora rises much too soon;
I like to see the sun — at noon;
I do not care to wake the flowers
Nor do I dote on early hours;
Phyllis and Phœbe love the milking pail;
I like a beauty rather pale than hale.

Berthas who fill a poet's mind,
And Mauds, to gardens I resigned.
In vain my wanton fancy roved;
I never found the name I loved.
The girl I met, I love, — yes, I adore her;
I never asked her name, — they call her Norah!

SONNETS

BACH

AS some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire
Is ever pointing upward to the sky,
Whose grand proportions, transept, nave,
and choir,
Impress with awe, and charm by sym-
metry, —
Stupendous pile, where sister arts with grave
And loving tenderness mould form and
frieze,
Adorn entablature and architrave,
And touch with life the marble
effigies, —
So, great tone-master, strength and sweet-
ness dwell
In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain
Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,
Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,
The soul shall reach the noble, true, and
pure, —
Strong to achieve, and faithful to endure!

BEETHOVEN

SUBLIMEST Master, thou, of harmony,
From whose untroubled depths serenely
flow

The sinuous streams of sweetest melody;
Now in exhaustless fulness dost thou know
The joy divine thy raptured strains foretold;
God's harmony thy prayer hath satisfied,
His music on thy listening ear hath rolled;
Accord unmarred, for which thy spirit
sighed,

In its completeness, through the eternal years
Is thine; thy yearning soul its echo dim
Didst catch amid thy mortal woes and fears,—
An earnest of the blest, perpetual hymn,
And legacy to us, which shall inspire,
With something of thy pure, celestial fire.

MOZART

AS through the leafy close the crystal shine
Of streamlet purling on its way is seen,
Nor in its mazes down the clust'ring green
Of interlacing boughs and pendent vine,
Nor 'neath the shadows of the day's decline
Is hid, — so doth thy melody's bright
sheen
Flash through close harmony's inwoven
screen;
And well we call thy matchless strains divine!
Who lists shall live in Golden Age once
more,
Shall catch the voice of sweet Arcadian
lutes,
Behold, as erst, glad nymphs dance on
the shore,
To tabor's sound and dithyrambic
flutes, —
Hear Philomel within the moonlit grove,
And tuneful shepherd piping to his love.

MENDELSSOHN

HARK! hear the lark, bold prodigal, elate
And jubilant, his wealth of music fling
To listening vales, that all-expectant wait
The thrilling touch of rosy-fingered
Spring!

Thus hath she touched thy heart, O
Mendelssohn,

Till of her life and beauty thou art fain,
And all her winning witcheries of tone,

Her coy caprices, and her joyous strain
Are thine. Lift but thy magic wand, and lo!

Queen Mab and all her fairy court shall
trip

To chorus of bright waterfalls, and flow
Of streams melodious 'neath the rhythmic
dip

Of elfin oars, — while in enchanted boat,
On sounds mellifluous, we dream and
float!

SCHUMANN

WHAT subtleties of song upon the loom
Of Time, O Schumann, thy bold Fancy
weaves, —
Now gorgeous tapestries of shimmering
leaves,
Melodious birds, and fragrant fields of
bloom; —
And now a gossamer-spun canopy
Meet for Olympian gods, and bright with
beams
Of never-fading stars, we see in dreams,
And visions born of raptured ecstasy!
Anon, on smooth-wrought texture of sweet
tones, —
A sudden, plaintive wail of dissonance,
Caught in the warp and woof of fair romance,
Of joy's high carnival, or grief's low moans.
Rare Weaver! — ere thy fabric's lustre pale,
Time's shuttle, weary grown, itself shall fail!

SCHUBERT

WHO would know thee, a loving heart
must bring,
And hear with his heart's ears; else shall he
miss
Thy perfect message and his own true
bliss, —
As bird that fain would soar on single wing,
But faints and falls in its unequal flight;
For deepest depths of human tenderness
Are thine, — the mother's love and dear
caress,
The wanderer's longing for the blessed sight
Of home and Fatherland, the lover's heart,
Wild with despair, or thrilled with joyance
sweet
Of happy souls who full requital meet.
Thus nature's yearnings find in thee a part;
O gentlest Master of them all, — since pain
And joy do live, thou hast not lived in vain!

CHOPIN

O SOUL most beautiful, and loving heart!
O bright, wild bird, — now crooning on
thy nest,

Now soaring, sped by a divine unrest, —
How Nature speaks through thy perfected
Art! —

Till from our eyes ecstatic tears do start,
Till all our soul and senses are possest,
And we must weep or smile at thy behest,
And in thine ever changing mood take part,
Like watchers on enchanted Mount, who
see

Fair visions pass at a magician's call, —
The fairer for their cloud of mystery, —
Who feel the necromancer's spell and
fall

Entranced beneath its pow'r, nor would
be free,
So deep the rapture and so sweet the
thrall!

PATIENCE

YOUTH, full of golden visions, looked
far down

The vista of the future, where stood three
So fair, so like to goddesses, that he
At sight of them did thrill with joy; a crown
In hand of each, and promise of renown,
With which they beckoned all who
looked, — their name

Pleasure and Wealth and Honor. Thou-
sands came

With hearts untouched by pain, and some
would drown

All thought of what they were and what had
been.

With eager feet he hastened: — “I am
blest

If I but touch their garment’s hem!”
When lo,

A sober matron heretofore unseen

Thus spoke: — “Patience am I; take
me, and know

That having me, thou shalt have all the
rest!”

SUCCESS

WHO says that he who hath not won
success

Hath failed, — or low endeavor crowned,
compares

To that high failure which hath felt the stress

Of lofty purpose, — noble aim that dares,
Like him who with Apollo strove, to cope

With mightiest, though haply doomed,
the goal

To miss? Do secret springs not feed his
hope,

Untasted by the base, ignoble soul?

Ill-fated Marsyas! was all thy pain

For naught? Nay, thou didst see a fair
god's grace,

Thine ear did drink his lyre's divinest strain

And yet diviner voice. What can efface

Thy joy, — and thy most glorious unsuccess

O'er Phrygia flowed in stream of fruitfulness!

PONTIUS PILATE

WHERE'ER, O Roman, in God's
universe
Thou hast thy being, — in what distant
sphere
Thy conscious spirit dwells, — is thine the
curse,
The endless iteration thus to hear:
“Who suffered under Pontius Pilate.” —
Aye
To thrill with pain at childhood's lisplings
sweet,
And strong men's pleadings, that long ages
pray: —
“Since Thou hast suffered, kneel we at
Thy feet!”
Nay, nay, — I see thee in that ancient Gaul,
Wailing thy wavering will with sore
lament,
And washing thy weak hands in bitter thrall
To that remembered sin thou didst repent;
I hear thee speak from out eternity: —
“This man whom I condemned declares
me free.”

TO WORDSWORTH

THAT thou hast lived, the common
things of earth, —

The humble daisy and bright daffodil,
The lowly, meek-eyed blossom that hath
birth

By dreary marsh and wayside hedge, the
rill

That winds its way thro' forest-shades
unseen;

The very air we breathe, the light of day,
The sea's soft murmur, and the field's sweet
green;

The anchored cloud that slips and sails
away,

The woodland echoes and the song of birds,
Come to our souls with sacred meaning
fraught,

All radiant with the beauty of thy words,
And rich with wealth of thy sublimest
thought, —

For thou hast made life's daily board a feast,
O poet-seer and Nature's great High Priest!

THE LONELY SHORE

O LONELY, patient shore, waiting the
tide

In grief! — thou dost not know grief's
sorest pain;

Since heaven and earth, so long as they abide,
Are pledged, thy waiting shall not be in
vain, —

He shall return, — the stars shall faint and
fail,

The faithful moon her vigilance forego, —
Ere fiercest foe thy wanderer assail,

Or direst ill his purpose overthrow !
For our beloved we watch with trembling
hearts, —

In weariness we wake and weep and
wait, —

Haunted by fear and goaded by his darts,
Beguiled by hope, and mocked by jesting
fate, —

Till pain with joy doth half the triumph
share, —

Or, doomed at last, we languish in despair!

A SONNET

WHAT is a sonnet? — Ay, a jewel rare
Within a crystal casket deftly caught, —
A magic flute, whose fourteen stops are
fraught

With one divine and soul-entrancing air, —
A wreathèd shell, whose convolutions fair
Are to such flawless symmetry enwrought
It ever murmurs music it hath brought
From deeps which many a wondrous secret
bear, —

A perfect form and spirit, as the rose,
Who stirs not from the confines of her
throne,

Yet fills the spaces of the garden close
With luscious scent and beauty all her
own, —

A captive nightingale in golden bars,
Singing a song of rapture to the stars!

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